

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, July 30, 1803.

[No. 43.]

The Chimney-Sweeper.**OR, THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY**

A NOVEL.

(Continued from page 330.)

FORGIVE this rash step, said she, recovering some degree of composure; extremity, only, has driven me to it. I wished to try your principles before I put myself in your power;—that trial has answered my most sanguine hopes. I have now no other fear than that of suffering in your opinion; however, I would have you be assured, that, with all this apparent imprudence, there are bounds beyond which I will not transgress.

She spoke with assumed dignity, and Edwards listened in silent attention.

I have not deceived you in respect to my family; my fortune will be ample; and in twelve months I shall be of age; and, if you please to accept the proffered gift, this hand shall then be your's. I see your surprise—I guess what you would say. But, hear me;—had I staid longer with my friends, I should have been urged into an alliance contrary to my inclination; in preference to which, I chose to adopt this plan, eccentric as it may seem to a narrow, prejudiced

mind:—mine is not such—and I seek in your's a congenial soul. I have an independent income;—and here I wish to live, awhile, retired and concealed from my friends.—Your society shall alone enliven my solitude; and we shall thereby form a friendship which years of formal courtship might not effect. It now rests with you to perfect or destroy my plan.

Whatever Edwards thought, he could not possibly start any objections to measures prompted by the most generous attachment; and, to the purity of his own intentions, he trusted to avoid any evil consequences: he therefore thanked her, in the most ardent terms, for the confidence she ventured to repose in him, and with ease arranged every thing for her accommodation.—Apartments were taken for her at a farm-house some distance from the town, where she was to pass for his sister.

The novelty of this affair for a while diverted Edwards from all thoughts of the inconveniencies with which it must be attended; and the frequent absence of Clatterton left him at liberty to see Matilda oftener than he otherwise could have done, as he was, equally with the other officers, excluded by the peremptory command of Matilda from any share in the secret.

At every visit Edwards found some new charm in Matilda; and the variety

of amusements with which she studied to beguile the hours he passed with her, kept awake his attention, and commanded his admiration: her voice was fine, and she played exquisitely on the harpsichord, to which Edwards ever listened with rapture. Sometimes she would arrange her apartment tastefully with flowers, and, in a fancied, romantic dress surprise him with the beauty of her person; at another time, relying solely on the powers of persuasive eloquence, she would read her favorite authors to him, and make such comments as proved both the strength of her understanding, and the wild eccentricity of her ideas. Edwards was entranced by the delusive magic; and insensibly devoted the greatest part of his time to her, notwithstanding the raillery of his associates.

Clatterton's last excursion to town had been to arrange the preliminaries of his marriage with Miss Evelyn, who solicited only a protraction of time, previous to giving her final consent. What secret, cherished hope urged this desire for procrastination may be guessed; but reason ever controuled the hopes and wishes of Georgiana; and, in this case, she almost believed hope to be unreasonable.

Clatterton, though a successful suitor, returned to — with a depression of spirits he would not account for; nor could Edwards, conscious as he was of his own duplicity, urge him to a disclosure.

The total seclusion in which Matilda, by choice, lived, rendered it no difficult task for them to keep their occasional intercourse a secret from the rest of the officers; and, though Edwards felt some pain by the restraint, delicacy withheld him from giving the least hint of it to Miss Aubrey.

One day he found her with a newspaper in her hand; she pointed out to him the paragraph she had been reading in which was contained a description of her person, and an earnest entreaty for her to return, if safe, to her friends.

And what is your intention, my dear Matilda, asked Edwards, with a look of solicitude.

How can you ask that question? she replied, reproachfully. After having dared to do what I have done, it is strange that you should suppose me easily shaken.—No! Edwards; the reasons which then impelled me to a step so unprecedented, so full of danger are now strengthened:—your honorable conduct, your disinterestedness, prove to me, that the sacrifices I have made, and am still ready to make, are too little to prove the strength of my esteem—my affection.

Edwards felt oppressed.—

But, when I reflect on the sufferings of your friends, think me not ungrateful, if I utter a wish to have them alleviated.

You are in an error, she returned, with a quick blush; I have no parents to whom the implicit obedience prescribed by custom might be due: the claims of my friends are imaginary, and neither my reason nor my inclination subscribe to them.—It is true, I have one relative to whom I would not willingly give pain; but, as that one will be but an ideal sufferer, and my conduct must be, in the end, a temporal advantage, I acquit myself of injustice or ingratitude in acting as I do; and, even were it otherwise, I fear my heart would be a truant to the cause. But, are you tired of my society, Edwards? Have I been deceived in supposing you capable of that pure friendship with which my bosom glows? If you wish to retract your engagement with me, speak candidly—I scorn dissimulation—you know I do;—perhaps too much so in the opinion of those who are fettered by the

shackles of prejudice: it is for this, perhaps, you no longer love me.

Edwards, hurt by a supposition which seemed to accuse him of ingratitude, was eloquent in his endeavors to remove such an idea from her mind.

But, whatever delight I may feel, dearest Matilda, he added, it must be damped by the reflection, that I am able to make such poor compensation for an attachment so noble;—nay worse—to avail myself of a woman's generosity, to my own exaltation, and her abasement.

Another such sentence as that banishes me for ever, said Matilda. Poor compensation!—all the riches of the eastern world—the never fading wreaths of fame—would afford less satisfaction than your confidence,—your firm unlimited affection.

To have harbored a thought derogatory to the virtue of Matilda would have seemed, to the mind of Edwards, the basest perfidy; to have been himself the destroyer of that virtue, he would have conceived himself the veriest monster in existence; yet that which appears a crime in contemplation is too often palliated in the commission by progressive circumstances; and the repugnance it should excite sleeps, till the hour of repentance arrives. Such was the case with Edwards: involved in an attachment which excited the tenderest emotions, lulled in imaginary security by the plausible and enthusiastic arguments of Matilda, and relying too strongly upon his own honor, Edwards suffered himself to be thrown off his guard by the fascinating blandishments of his enchantress; yet his remorse seemed to be stronger upon the occasion than that of Matilda: he condemned himself as the sole aggressor; and, now, alternately wished for and dreaded the day that should unite them. Matilda uttered not a reproachful word; yet her conduct underwent a material change: she no longer seemed to feel that excessive timidity which had called forth his tenderest attentions; but seemed more strongly to enforce her claims by an air of implicit dependance upon his integrity and love.

To the liberality of Mr. Evelyn, Francis was indebted for many luxuries which his bare pay would not have afforded him; and, as he was not naturally ex-

travagant, he seldom labored under any pecuniary inconvenience. Matilda, however, was too generous in disposition to receive any obligations at his hands, and invariably refused the most trifling present.

Why will you vex me, Edwards, she would say, when he offered her any trinket, by placing me on a level with those, who, under the semblance of affection, disguise their mercenary dispositions? Never do I feel an idea of self-degradation, except when you make such proposals to me!—Is not my wardrobe well furnished? Have I not a variety of baubles which I, now, never desire to wear?—and, if I wished for others, my income, even now, would admit of the purchase:—perhaps I am growing ugly in your eyes, and you find some additional decoration necessary to keep awake your admiration.

Thus would she, half seriously, half jestingly, put him from his purpose; nor could Edwards urge it further.—Involved past retraction, he shut his eyes against a few tormenting scruples, which would occasionally rise before him. Matilda had but one fault;—and of that fault he was the origin: and, while he regretted the necessity there was for acting without the advice and opinion of his best friends, he flattered himself, that, when he should with honor be able to acquaint them with every particular, he should stand justified in their eyes.

Various were the conjectures in the mess-room upon the frequent absence of Edwards; and, as far as a joke could be passed, they ventured to rally him. The Major, once, seriously questioned him on the subject.

My young friend, said he, I fear you have thought me churlish of late. Some unpleasant family-concerns have made me thoughtful, and, apparently, inattentive; but some accounts which I have heard of you give me apprehension that you have entered into some imprudent connexion:—you were not at your lodgings last night.

Edwards smiled.—Are you always at home, major?

Edwards, that laugh will not do.—Perhaps I take upon me too much in thus questioning you; but, young as I am, I have had some experience in those

affairs; and know that the expences attending such entanglements—

Stop, my lord! cried Edwards, interrupting him, you are in an error; and I can assure you that I do not abuse the generosity of my patron by any expensive entanglement.

Then my other conjectures must be still more to your disadvantage—the seduction of innocence, or the contemptible practice of profiting from a woman's favor.

Edwards colored with indignation.

From any other, my lord, this language would be answered by a pistol-shot.

I know it: but, faith, I did not think you so well versed in the progressive punctilios of fashionable notoriety.—Come, come, Edwards—why these sullen looks?—unveil that little stubborn heart: you will find me your real friend.

A kind word had the power of calming the most angry passions in the breast of Edwards—he held out his hand—

I am not able to satisfy you, though my heart is willing: my honor is pledged!—employ not the persuasion of friendship to make me a villain.

Very sentimental that, replied Clatterton, coolly; but, my dear fellow, be assured, that, had I pleased, ere now I should have known the whole business, with all your sagacious plans of concealment; but I respect the secret of a friend, whether imparted to me or not, and have been more zealous than yourself to guard it from prying curiosity. I have made our comrades believe that you passed the night in my apartment.

You are too generous, replied Edwards: Oh!—why must I conceal the truth from you.

(To be continued)

Selected Biography.

No. IV.

CATHARINE II. empress of Russia, a woman of extraordinary talents, was the daughter of Christian Augustus, of Anhalt-Zerbst, in Upper Saxony.

She was born May 2, 1729, and in 1745, became the wife of the grand duke of Holstein-Gottorp, afterwards Peter III. The grand duke ascended the throne in 1762, by the name of Peter III. His conduct at the beginning of his reign did not seem to be very reprehensible, and he thought himself secure in the affections of his family and subjects. Herein he was much mistaken; for his wife disliked him, both on account of his personal and intellectual qualities; and while he was preparing to go to Holstein she was meditating a plan to wrest the sceptre from his hands, and enjoy the imperial throne without a partner. Her success in this grand enterprise exceeded her expectations. By her order, the emperor was arrested, and having renounced the crown, was committed to the castle of Robscha; after which his life was of very short duration. This supposed death was followed by that of prince Ivan, grand nephew of Peter the great, who had been confined in a dungeon eighteen years, and consequently could be little more than an idiot; but his death was thought necessary to facilitate the ascension of the empress to the imperial throne. This being effected, she announced her accession to all the courts of Europe; and the same year deposed the duke of Courland, and bestowed that title on Biron, one of her creatures. The next year the king of Poland died, on which she sent an army into that country, and compelled the Poles to elect Ponatowski, to the vacant throne. After this, she carried on a war against the Turks, which lasted about ten years, and ended greatly in favor of Russia. In 1787, fresh hostilities broke out between these formidable powers, when Catharine had a powerful ally in the emperor of Germany. The Turks had then the king of Sweden for an ally, who rendered him but little service. A peace was concluded in January 1792, but the blood shed at Ismael will ever remain a horrid stain in the history of this war. The rapacious Catharine now attended to European politics, and her first object was the partition of Poland, an event which will ever be remembered with indignation. This extraordinary woman was as salacious as she was ambitious, paying little or no regard to decency in her amours. Her lovers were extremely numerous, and selected from all ranks. Being her own caterer, she was influenced solely by the figure of a man, and not by his quality or condition. She went upon this maxim, that

love, like death, brings all upon a level. We must do her the justice to admit, however, that she was always liberal to her paramours, and when she thought proper to dismiss them, was not unmindful of their past services; but bestowed pecuniary favors upon them in proportion to her ideas of their merit. She was also magnificent to men of letters, encouraged science, and attended to the education of her people. To remove the popular prejudices against inoculation, she submitted to the operation herself, and amply rewarded the English physician, Dr. Dimsdale, who went to Petersburg for that purpose; she also created him a baron of the empire. On the whole, she possessed many of those qualities which are necessary in a great sovereign; but it is to be lamented that the steps by which she mounted the throne were so foully stained with blood. By Peter III. she had a son and a daughter. She was removed from this world by a fit of apoplexy, Nov. 10, 1797, and her son Paul Petrovitch, succeeded her. The late emperor, was born in 1754.

AN APPARITION.

LET the unbelieving sceptic say what he will concerning the reality of ghosts and apparitions; I shall not give myself the trouble of confuting him. A man who doubts as to his own personal existence, of which experience is giving him hourly innumerable proofs, cannot be expected to have faith in the more abstruse secrets of Nature: and all argumentative reasoning would be thrown away upon him. Be it known, therefore, unto all such, that they are desired to depart in peace, without reading the following recital, which will undoubtedly at first surprise the thoughtless and inexperienced; yet, with proper attention on a second reading, they will perceive such genuine marks of veracity, as shall induce them to concur unanimously in its belief.

Whilst examining a vast collection of manuscripts, which my friend Delancourt (formerly a monk in Dauphny) presented me with of late, I luckily hit upon a tale which I now lay before the public. The original being written in Latin, I have clothed it in an English dress for the benefit of the ladies, and all those who are unacquainted with the

Roman language. The narrator I should suspect to be some learned monk, but am willing to submit my opinion to that of more experienced persons.

IN the vicinity of Chamberry, a town in Savoy, stood the ancient mansion of the Albertini; round it were several little buildings, in which were deposited the cattle, poultry, &c. &c. belonging to the family. A young gentleman, by name Barbarosse [now here my author is perhaps mistaken, as I have seen the name spelt differently, thus, *Barberousse*, *Barberose*, *Bourberaise*, and *Barberasie*; but, however, this is not a very important mistake] came to the chateau on a visit for a few days; he was cordially received, being of a pleasing, lively disposition; and an elegant room in the east wing was prepared for his accommodation.

The family and their young guest spent the day very agreeably; and after supper they sat round a comfortable large fire, and diverted themselves with songs and stories: the former, as is generally the case, were some of the tender and pathetic kind, and some were sprightly; but the latter were, for the most part, of the melancholy cast, particularly those which related to preternatural occurrences.

The social party separated at half past twelve o'clock, and Barbarosse retired to his chamber. It was a handsome room on the first floor, having three doors; two of these belonged to two little closets; one on the right that overlooked a farm-yard, and another more to the left, that presented, through the window a view of a large romantic wood; the third door was that by which he entered his room after traversing a long passage. Our youth had visited the rooms in the morning, and looked out of the windows to enjoy the prospects for a great while.

As he entered this apartment with his mind full of the diversion just left, he put his candle down upon the table, and looked about him; there was an excellent fire in the chimney, with an iron grating before it, to prevent accidents; a large elbow-chair stood near it; and not being at all sleepy, he sat down, reflecting on the amusements of the day, and endeavored to remember the tales he had heard. In some he thought he perceived strong traits of truth; and

in others he discovered palpable fiction and absurdity. Whilst he was deliberating upon the various incidents, the heavy watch-bell tolled two, but Barbarosse did not attend to it, being deeply engaged in his contemplation: he was suddenly awakened from his reveries by an uncommon rustling sound, issuing from the closet on the right hand; and listening attentively, he heard distinct taps upon the floor at short intervals!

Alarmed at the circumstance, he walked slowly to his bedside, and drew forth his pocket pistols from under the pillow; these he carefully placed upon the table, and resumed the elbow-chair. All was again still as death, and nought but the winds, which whistled round the watch-tower, and the adjacent buildings, could be heard.

Barbarosse looked towards the door of the closet, which he then, and not till then, perceived was open, and hanging upon the jar:—Immediately a furious blast forced it wide open;—the taper burnt blue, and the fire seemed almost extinct!

Barbarosse rose up, put forth a silent, hasty ejaculation of prayer; and sat down again: again he heard the noise! He started up, seized the pistols, and stood motionless; whilst large cold drops of dew hung upon his face. Still his heart continued firm, and he grew more composed, when the rustling and taps were renewed! Barbarosse desperately invoked the protection of heaven, cocked one of the pistols, and was about to rush into the portentous apartment, when the noise increased, and drew nearer: a loud peal of thunder, that seemed to rend the firmament, shook violently the solid battlements of the watch-tower, the deep toned bell tolled three, and its hollow sound long vibrated on the ear of Barbarosse, with fainter and fainter murmurs; when a tremendous cry thrilled him with terror and dismay; and, lo! the long-dreaded spectre stalked into the middle of the room; and Barbarosse, overcome with surprise and astonishment, at the unexpected apparition, sunk down, convulsed, in his chair*.

* Lest any of the faculty should wish, ineffectually, to be informed what species of convulsions affected Barbarosse, I think it proper to satisfy their truly laudible curiosity by anticipation; and to assure them, *sois a l'homme d'honneur*, that his disorder was a convulsion of laughter only.

The phantom was armed *de pied en cap*, and clad in a black garment. On his crest a black plume waved majestically, and, instead of a glove or any other sort of lady's favor, he wore a blood-red token. He bore no weapon of offence in his hand, but a gloomy shield made of the feathers of some kind of bird was cast over each shoulder. He was booted and spurred; and, looking upon Barbarosse with ardent eyes, raised his feathered arms, and struck them vehemently against his sides, making at the same time the most energetic exclamations!

Then it was that Barbarosse found, says my phlegmatic author, that he had not shut down the window of that closet in the morning; from which neglect it happened, that a black game cock had flown into the closet, and created all this inexpressible confusion.

—
Extraordinary instance of Justice performed by the Sultan Sandjar.

THE east has seen few princes reign, so renowned for equity as the Sultan Sandjar, son of Melckchahle Selgiucides, as will appear by the following history. The Sultan Sandjar, after a bloody war, wherein he had given the most striking proofs of valor and ability, entered the city of Zalika in triumph, followed by his victorious army, and met by his people without the walls, to testify their joy for his safe return.

In the neighborhood of this city was a cupola of a prodigious height, supported by forty marble columns. As the troops marched off at the foot of this dome, the son of a poor dervich, the better to observe them pass along, was mounted upon the top of it. The Sultan, passing near this building, perceived something perched upon the very extremity, and imagining it to be a bird, had a mind, being expert with his bow, to show his dexterity to the people: he let fly an arrow with so much force, that it reached the boy, and brought him headlong to the ground, covered with blood. What was the astonishment, or rather, what the sorrow and despair of the prince, when he beheld the shocking spectacle! He immediately quitted his horse, and throwing himself upon the body of the youth, expressed the deepest grief. He sent directly for the child's

father, and, taking him by the hand, conveyed him to his tent, where he shut himself up with the dervich alone: then taking a purse of gold, and laying his naked sabre upon the same table by it; You behold in me, said he to the dervich, the murderer of your son; I might vindicate myself, by assuring you that I did not premeditatedly design to kill him; but my crime, by being involuntary, is not the less afflictive to you, as it loads you with the heaviest calamity a father can suffer: you know the law; if, agreeable to the liberty it gives, you permit me to commute for the blood of your unhappy son, there is the gold; but if resolved to enforce the utmost rigor of the law, you require blood for blood, behold my sabre, take away my life: I have taken the precaution, that you may have nothing to fear in quitting my tent.—Ah! my lord, cried the dervich, flinging himself at the monarch's feet, if you are above the rest of mankind in dignity, you yet surpass them more in equity. God forbid that I should raise a sacrilegious hand against my prince, who is the life and soul of his kingdom: my unfortunate son has undergone the melancholy lot written from the beginning of time in the book of destiny; your majesty is not guilty of his death; far from receiving the price of it, I should esteem myself happy, if, by the sacrifice of my own life, I could preserve that of a prince, good and equitable as your majesty.

Your disinterestedness, answered the Sultan, in astonishment, merits reward, and I appoint you governor of Zalika. Men who surpass others in noble sentiments, are born to command them.

THE INTRODUCTION.

[From the French.]

I ANNOUNCE to you, ladies, one of the finest women in Paris, says Linval to the brilliant company assembled in his saloon—the elegant, the amiable Emercia. Lo! she is descending from her carriage—I run to present her my hand.

Ah! we shall be enchanted with a glimpse of her, unanimously exclaimed the ladies. I am rejoiced, says one, at this opportunity to ascertain whether her beauty justifies its reputation. I have a box at the Opera to-night, says another; but I gladly resign the spectacle for the pleasure of admiring such celebrated attractions.

The doors open, and the amiable Emercia enters, attended by Linval. A movement of admiration is excited through the whole assembly. The men press eagerly around her; the ladies converse in a low tone; a more than ordinary glow of vermillion suffuses her cheeks; symptoms of chagrin and simpering smiles mark the countenances of the female part of the company. Emercia receives the homage of the admiring cavaliers with an air of modesty, and answers in the most flattering manner to the compliments of the ladies. The conversation begins—it rambles or rather it flies over a thousand different subjects. Questions are artfully put to elicit, particularly, the sentiments of the amiable Emercia. They are so many wiles spread to catch her, and she evades them with admirable sagacity. It is already half an hour, and the eyes of the company have not been withdrawn for an instant from the charming woman. Her visit over, she takes leave, carrying with her as many hearts as there are men of sensibility in the room. Linval, anxious to learn the impression made by her presence on the ladies, eagerly enquires the opinion of each. All agree, that she is a fine woman.—But—but—but—but says the *petite Toni*, she is on too large a scale for a woman:—she would be more graceful, if not so tall by three inches. These gigantic waists never have a fine shape. But she is a little pale, says the corpulent Madame Soufflee: with more *embonpoint*, she would have a brighter bloom. We never see a fine skin on a skeleton.

But her chest is somewhat flat, says Madame Charnu: a fine neck is a great set-off to beauty.

But her forehead is too low, said the Dowager Chauvetempe: the forehead is the mirror of the mind; and when high, indicates a great soul.

But her eyes are too large, says little blinking Emira: an excess there is a great defect, as in general such eyes have not much expression.

But her nose is rather long, says Mademoiselle Camée: the nose à la *Roxalana* has a more animated effect.

Thus from *bute to bute* he finds that this beauty, whom all Paris admires, has not a single feature without a defect.

And, pray, Mr. Editor, who is this charming Emercia?—Why, every lovely woman of the day, on her first introduction into the *beau monde*.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTER.

MADAME SIMON, formerly a celebrated actress, since, the wife of one the most opulent *parvenus*, in Paris, sent for an eminent artist, and told him she would give him a hundred louis d'ors for her perfect likeness; the painter promised he would pay due notice to the order, and exert his faculties to give satisfaction. He succeeded, even beyond his expectations, and sent the highly finished portrait home; it however happened, that, when the correct copy was handed to the original, she was surrounded by a swarm of loungers, who took a malicious pleasure in repeating that the portrait was not at all like her—No, says one to her, tho' it may be a good likeness of your deceased grandmother.—Another added, that a stupid and unmeaning look could never be a substitute for vivacity and expression of countenance.—A third *petit maitre* exclaimed, Instead of a mouth, he has delineated an oven, and for roseate, he has given you livid lips.—A fourth, swore, that, Instead of animated eyes, the dauber had made apertures, resembling two burnt holes in a carpet.—A fifth was going to offer his critique, when the enraged beauty rang for a *laquais*, to whom she gave the portrait and fifty louis, with orders to tell the unfortunate painter, that if the sum did not satisfy him he might keep the picture. The artist, astonished, told the footman to wait while he wrote a line to his mistress, which he did as follows: "*Madame, partageons la difference*; or, in familiar English, *Let us split the difference*. What then must have been the surprise of Madame Simon, when opening the note (not a billet doux!) she found one half of the portrait, and then learned from the domestic, that Monsieur G. had put the fifty louis into his pocket.

POLITE ROBBERY.

MONS. DU VALL, who had been a French footman, and was much admired by the ladies, but had now turned highwayman, in company with four others of the same profession, overtook a coach on Turnham-green, which they had set over-night, having intelligence, that there was a booty of 400l. in it.

In the coach were a knight, his lady, and only one maid servant, who per-

ceiving five horsemen making up to them presently imagined they were beset; and they were confirmed in their opinion, by seeing them whisper to one another, and riding backwards and forward. But as there was no way of escaping, the lady, to show she was not afraid, and to insinuate that she had nothing to lose, takes a flagelet out of her pocket and plays.

Du Vall, who amongst his accomplishments of dancing, singing, &c. delighted in that instrument, takes the hint, and tuning his own flagelet excellently well, approaches the side of the coach in that posture; and addressing himself to the knight, Sir, says he, your lady plays charmingly; and I doubt not but that she dances as well: will you please to walk out of the coach, and let me have the honor to dance one minuet with her on the green? The knight replied, I dare not deny any thing to one of your quality and good nature; you seem a gentleman, and your request is very reasonable and ordered the footman to open the door. Du Vall leaped lightly off his horse, and handed the lady out of the coach.

They danced; and though in his boots and riding-dress, Du Vall performed wonders, both in footing and singing. And when the dancing was over, he handed the lady into the coach again: but stopped the knight as he followed his lady, telling him, he had forgot to pay the music. No, I have not, replies the knight: and putting his hand under the seat of the coach, pulls out a hundred pounds bag, and delivers it to him. Du Vall took it with a good grace, and courteously answered; Sir, you are liberal, and shall have no cause to repent your being so: this liberality of your's shall excuse you the other 300l. and civilly took his leave.

[From an English paper.]

ST. CLOUD.

The court of St. Cloud presents a very curious object to our notice. The ancient etiquette of Versailles is established there in its most minute details; to which are added an endless variety of forms, calculated for no other purpose but the security of the First Consul; and which were not thought of, at that bet-

ter period, when the depository of power was guarded by the legitimacy of its rights, and the love of the people.

Six posts, of thirty men each occupy the space from the entrance of the Park to the very walls of the castle, which no one can approach without showing to the commanding officers of these posts a card, signed Duroc, Governor of the palaces. These cards at the same time, are issued to those only who are attached to the service of the consul and Madame Bonaparte, who are admitted to the honor of their intimacy, or are called to a particular audience. The name and signature of the bearer of these cards are inscribed on the back of them. They are granted but for a limited time, and their form and color are changed every two months.

After a most rigid examination by the commanding officer of each post, a soldier attached to the last post accompanies you to the Prefect on duty, where a particular ticket is delivered, which describes your business at the castle, the gate by which you must enter, the name of the domestic to which you must address yourself, and that of the valet de chambre, whose office it is to introduce strangers into that part of the castle to which he is appointed. From that moment you are carefully watched; and whether you go to the Consul himself or to Madame Bonaparte, or any person attached to their service, or if you walk in the Park, you are constantly watched by the man mentioned in the ticket of admission.

Certain persons attached to the service of Madame Bonaparte bear the messages which she addresses to the First Consul. When that lady wishes to pass the threshold of her husband's chamber, she must announce her intention by the Prefect of the palace, who himself dares not enter into the cabinet of the Consul, but when he finds the door of the anti-chamber open.

When the Consul enters the saloon of audience, he is announced by the ancient ceremony of the *Eil de Bœuf*; nay, it is even performed with more state, as it is the Prefect on duty who announces him in an elevated voice. The Hussiers immediately arrange the persons present so as to keep them at a considerable distance, and it is absolutely forbidden to approach or accost the Consul. His

aides-de-camp form themselves into a semi-circle, and attend closely on him; they follow him as he moves, but always retire a little when he appears to be speaking confidentially to any one. While he moves round the circle, the Hussiers range along the outside of it, to observe the motions of every individual of the assembly. Those to whom the secret etiquette has been communicated, are seen to keep their hands almost without a symptom of motion. When the audience is finished, the Consul retires without saluting the company, or even his Consul brethren.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, July 30th, 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 45 persons during the week ending on the 23d instant.

Of this number 11 died of diseases not mentioned, and the others of the following diseases—Consumption 5—purging and vomiting 3—inflammation of the brain 1—Small-pox 1—Palsy 1—Inward complaint 1—Convulsions 2—Drowned 1—Debility 1—Yellow jaundice 1—Remitting fever 3—Fits 10—lax 2—Drinking cold water 1—Whooping cough 1—cholera infantum 2—Cholera morbus 4—Dropsey 1—Billious fever 1—Scarlet fever 2—Asthma 1—Adults 12—Children 22.

On Thursday last, Mr. John Wise, a reputable miller, on Wissahickon creek, 8 miles from Philadelphia, in examining the spindle of the trunnel wheel in the mill, when in motion, his head was caught between the great cog-wheel and wolphwers, which, after closing upon it, lifted the gudgeon of the latter, and gave sufficient space for his body to pass below. His son, who was near the mill, observing the works to be deranged, immediately closed the water gate, and on searching for the cause, found his father's body! which, when brought to the light, exhibited (as must naturally be concluded from the circumstances) a most horrid spectacle. The coroner's inquest sat on it, and returned a verdict agreeable to the above statement—Accidental death.

Last week a man who had been in the habit of sleeping on the hay-mow of Mr. Joseph Tucker, in Rahway, (N. J.) during the warm season, was found dead in his lodging, where it is supposed he expired in a fit, being subject to them from indulging in inebriation.

Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, brother to the First Consul of France, has arrived at Washington from the West-Indies, via Norfolk.

Mr. Benjamin Rockwell, of Stafford, while driving his waggon on the evening of the 18th inst. about 5 miles from Hartford, from some untoward, but unknown cause, fell out before the front wheel, which immediately passed over the body and put a period to his existence.

RALEIGH, July 18.

A little daughter of Captain Isaac McCallum, of this county, met a premature death on Wednesday, by the bite of a snake, or some other poisonous reptile or insect. The child was gathering black-berries in an adjoining field, a little before sun-set suddenly cried out very bitterly. A negro went immediately to its assistance, when it complained of being stung by a nettle; but from the wound which appeared, and from the fatal consequence which followed, it is believed a highly venomous snake had bitten her in the instep of one of her legs. Her limbs immediately began to swell and look black, and so rapid was the poison (no effectual means having been taken to counteract it) that the next morning the child was—a corpse.

FROM A CHARLESTON PAPER.

A Solemn Warning to Smugglers.

Whereas John Lowe, Jeweller, of Charleston, has imported various articles of Jewellery, without paying, or securing to be paid thereon, the duties as required by the Revenue Laws of the United States; and has, within a period of nearly three years, exposed for sale many of said articles of Jewellery, and which at various times within the peri-

od mentioned, he had smuggled; and which goods were seized at his store, and being libelled, were condemned as forfeited, and were sold at Public Auction, for 4,305 dollars 40 cents: And whereas, by the 50th section of "An act to regulate the collection of duties on imports and tonnage," approved 2d March, 1799, it is made the duty of "the Collector of the district, to advertise the names of all such persons in a newspaper, printed in the state in which he resides, within twenty days after each respective conviction." And whereas, at a late Federal court, and in addition to the forfeiture of the Jewellery, the said John Lowe has been convicted and fined in a penalty of 400 dollars for said offence: Now therefore, be it made known in this public manner, that the said John Lowe is, by law, "Disabled from holding any office of trust or profit, under the United States, for a term not exceeding seven years."

Given under my hand, at the Custom-house, Charleston, this eleventh day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and three, and of the Independence of the United States the twenty-eighth.

JAMES SIMONS.

Collector of the Customs.

UNFORTUNATE LOTTERY-OFFICE.

No. 246 WATER STREET.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for sale, TICKETS in the present lottery for the relief of Widows with small children—And knowing that a name, though empty in itself, oft times stamps the face of things with a current value, (witness the numerous fortunate lottery offices in this city, ornamented and neatly gilt, calculated to attract the eye of the anxious adventurer) the subscriber, to vary the scene, has presumed to adopt the above title—Where is the harm?

"A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He with truth acknowledges, that in former lotteries he sold a great number of tickets that proved unfortunate, but the public may rest assured that the fault was not his: But as all mundane things are continually changing, why may he not flatter himself, that in the present lottery (founded for the most benevolent purpose) he may have the honor of bestowing dame Fortune's most favorite numbers; then he may with equal propriety alter his present title, and not deviate from truth.—Therefore, under the present head, he offers his fortunate numbers for sale; and sincerely hopes his most sanguine wishes may be realized.

JOHN TIEBOUT.

N. B. Tickets now selling for 6½ dollars, and by reason of the great demand will soon rise to seven dollars.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Married,

On Saturday evening, Mr. Abraham Secor, merchant, to Miss Catharine Terrett, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, Mr. Thomas Brown, to Miss Catherine Carey, both of this city.

At Providence, Francis Wright, jun. of Boston, to Miss Susan Lewis, of New-York.

By the Rev. Mr. Townly, Mr. Obadiah Wade, to Miss Catherine Winant, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening, Mr. Thomas McNevin, to Miss Charlotte Welch, both of this city.

At Newark, on Sunday evening last Mr. David Board, of New-York, to Miss Elizabeth Sayre, daughter of Mr. David Sayre.

On the 20th inst. at Mount Hygiea, in the town of Foster, (R. I.) the Hon. Theodore Foster, late a Senator of the U. States, to Miss Esther-Bowen Millard, of Foster.



Died,

On Sunday, the 17th inst. in James River, (Vir.) while in the act of bathing James T. Callender, lately one of the Editors of the RECORDER.

On Tuesday morning, Capt. Sharp, of the British Packet Leicester, now in port.

On Wednesday the 20th inst. at Pelham, East-Chester, Miss Maria Rafelje, in the 20th year of her age.

On Wednesday, in the 68th year of her age, after a painful illness of several months, Mrs. Jane Cheatham.



EPITAPH.

OVER THE GRAVE OF JULIA.

[From Village Annals.]

HER whose remains beneath this stone are laid,
Was once a virtuous, lovely village maid,
Who knew to still pale sorrow's lingering groan;
To whisper peace when Hope's fond dreams were
flown;

To hush the widow's sigh; to dry the tear
That filial love shed o'er a parent's bier:
Too soon a parent wept her hapless doom,
By anguish hurried to an early tomb;
A wretched wretch, with Fortune's favor's gay,
Smil'd to deceive, and flattered to betray;
Ere long she fell, to swell the guilty train
Whose smiles are anguish, and whose pleasures pain.
Then fell Remorse rear'd high her thorny crest,
Her barbed arrows deeply pierc'd her breast;
She fled the haunting throng, and sought once more,
With trembling feet, an aged parent's door;
That parent's tender care each want supplied
In vain, she suffer'd, linger'd, droop'd, and died:
Then, when they bore her o'er the village green,
A gloomy silence sadden'd all the scene;
Even age, and infancy that lisped her name,
Wept o'er the victim of remorse and shame.
Ye rigid few, ye prudes and stoics, say,
Could not her sufferings wash her guilt away;
Maugre the bigot's rage and frowns severe,
O'er falling virtue, Virtue'll shed a tear;
And still the rustic hind, and village maid,
Shall deck with flowers the spot where Julia's laid.

A NOSEGAY.

THE violet is modest,
For it conceals itself;
The rose is likewise modest,
Though it reveals itself;
For it a blush betrays.

The jasmine shows us innocence,
For chaste and pure its hue;
The hyacinth, sweet diffidence,
Which bends to shun our view;
'Tis fancy thus portrays.

The honeysuckle, sympathy,
Distilling dewy tears;
The passion-flower, brevity;
Scarce blown, it disappears.

The tulip is variety,
That changes with the hour;
The primrose is simplicity,
And Flora's favorite flower.

Thus in each plant some lesson we may find,
Which serves to improve while it corrects the mind:
And flowers and weeds are an exhaustless store
Of pleasure, profit, and intrinsic-love.
In short, each object to a grateful heart,
However humble, must delight impart.

JACK KETCH AND THE FRENCHMAN.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

BY AMBROSE PITMAN, ESQ.

A Frenchman once at some assizes,
('Twas Nottingham the muse surmises,)
Fell justly, by the course of law,
A victim for—*un grand faux pas*.
When he approach'd the fatal tree
(*Un autre Pince de Grece pour lui*),
And when Jack Ketch prepar'd to tie
The noose that did exalt him high,
Instead of praying to the Lord,
Monsieur exclaim'd, "Ah! *misericorde!*"
"Measure the cord," replied Jack Ketch
"Measure the cord yourself, you wretch!"
Still *Misericorde* was all his cry,
"Ah! *misericorde!* dat I should die!"
"Ah! *misericorde!* good folk, good bye!"
"Measure the cord, you sniv'ling cur!"
Rejoin'd the executioner;
"Tis long enough—I know 'twill do
To hang a score such rogues as you;
And since you've been a thieving elf,
"Measure the cord, I say, YOURSELF."

TO A VIOLET.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THOUGH from thy bank of velvet torn,
Hang not, fair flow'r, thy drooping crest;
On Delia's bosom shalt thou find
A softer, sweeter bed of rest.

Tho' from mild Zephyrs kiss no more
Ambrosial balms shalt thou inhale,
Her gentle breath, whenever she sighs,
Shall fan thee with a purer gale.

But be thou grateful for that bliss,
For which in vain a thousand burn;
And as thou steal'st a sweet from her,
Give back thy choicest in return.

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 39 MAIDEN-LANE,

HIS imported by the late arrivals from Europe,
Elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the addi-
tional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert
and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums,
Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment
of Music for different instruments by the most favorite
composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz:—
A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our
Saxons, long may he live."
Sail the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new
Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most
fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and
Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks,
Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-covers, Bread-
baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on
the lowest terms.

N. SMITH,



Chemical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Supreme white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, Double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural
color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.